MERCVRIES MESSAGE,

OR

THE COPPY OF A LETTER

sent to *William Laud* late Archbishop of

CANTERBURY, now prisoner in the TOVVER.

Prov. 11. 10.

When it fares well with righteous men,
The City is glad and joyfull then:
But when with wicked it fares ill,
Ther's none of them take pitty will.

Iob 27. 23.

Clapping of hands with joy there is apace,
Hissing them out of their great Lordly place.

Iob 32. 9.

The great ones are not alwaies wise,
Who in great pompe and state do rise.

Printed in the yeare of our Prelates feare. 1641.

The man that understanding hath
Behold and see, the Scripture saith
The number of the Beast is numbered
And comes unto the sum six hundered
Sixty and six: the name here writ amounts
Unto the same, if we do rightly count.

The mans name,

W——10	L——50
I——1	A——0
L——50	V——5
L——50	D——500

The Beasts number *is the worlds wonder.*

With Beasts the same.

666.

Revela. 19.20.

Into the lake the beast was cast
Which never dies, but everlasting lasts:
It burnes with brimstone and with fire,
According to Gods dreadfull ire.

TO

THE LATE FAMOVS,

Now Infamous Archbiſhop, *WILLIAM, a Canterbury.*

My Lord,

I Call you what not Long agoe you were,
But now thoſe golden daies are paſt I feare,
And ſo doth all the drooping Hierarchy
Of Lordly Biſhops that ere while ſo high,
Bore up their heads to ſhew themſelves ſuperiors,
And proudly tread upon their poore inferiors.
How did you domineere in your vaine pride
Whilſt in proſperity you did abide,
With envious rage, and foule maliciouſneſſe,
Striving to bring Gods people in diſtreſſe,
Downe went all paineſull and laborious teaching,
The Service Booke more uſefull was then preaching,
In your account, having an inclination
With Popiſh rites to blinde our Britiſh Nation,
But men of ſounder judgement know full well,
That Gods pure Word mans wiſedome doth excell:
And yet forſooth your will being a Law,
Men better then your ſelfe you kept in aw.
Well, next our weekely Lectures lik't you not,
To put downe them your zeale was wondrous hot,
It ſeemes your Lordſhip had conceiv'd a thought,
And feard poore Ignorants would too much be taught,
And ſo your ſoule deludements learne to ſee,
When with Romes practice can no whit agree:
Elſe you might thinke, with plenty being fed,
They might have loath'd that heavenly bread,
For men by *Solomons* rule may ſurfets get
In finding honey, they too much ont eat.

Therefore your Grace tooke a fure courſe for ſuch,
Y'ad rather ſee them ſtarve then have too much
But now the Sabboth day in your eſteeme
Is kept too ſtrictly, this a fault you deeme,
For ſquaring thus our actions by Gods Word,
We with the Papiſts never ſhould accord,
Therefore by ſmooth, falſe, baſe inſinuation
You did perſwade the King by Proclamation
To give his ſubjects leave to ſport and play
In ſpight of all gainſayers on that day:
This done, one Sermon muſt content us to
And that but one houre long, for if men do
Exceed their time preſcrib'd, tho their invention
Be nere ſo good, they may expect ſuſpenſion:
In all which, did not we Religion fly,
With Rome obſerve a ſweet cloſe ſympathy?
But is this all? no, Altars next you raiſe,
And wax n Tapers muſt upon them blaze;
Yea in theſe heapes of ſtone ſuch worth is found,
That paſſers by muſt bow to'em downe toth' ground:
Is Ieſus with a large pronounciation
Vttered by ſome time-ſerve'rs being the faſhion,
Legs, Congies, Bowings, wait upon that name,
In outward adoration of the ſame,
Indeed the Countrey did this tricke refuſe,
Becauſe their ſcraping ſpoyl'd their Sunday ſhooes:
Beſides being full of Nayles and Iron ſpecks,
They made a Pariſh charge to buy new bricks,
To ratifie all this Canons are made,
And yet I thinke the authors are not paid
For that good worke of theirs, but let that paſſe,
This Parliament then never dreampt of was:
Or if it were, and things had come toth' worſt,
Perhaps you thought to daſh it like the firſt;
Therefore in uncontrouled pride you raign'd
Vertue oppos'd, all vices you maintain'd;
Which made men thinke you had an itching hope
To be ſome Cardinall or little Pope,
Whereby an ancient Proverb's verifide,
Beggers if ſet on horſe backe, love to ride.

Did any Minister detest these things,
To see your Bishops rule like petty Kings,
Did they out of true zeale, and conscience take,
A scruple of your Popish orders make:
Crosse, Surplice, Tippet, would they not allow
To high Altar, did they scorne to bow:
Was there no outward signe of Reverence shownе
When Iesus was pronounc'd, and that made knowne
To your Lordship; straight off went th' offenders eares
Though nere so old, no pitti's tooke of yeares:
Your worships pillory must their necks adorne
A triple Tree they say shall serve your turne,
They peepe through wooden windowes; as for you
Gregory has a hempen Lattice faire and new,
Men hope to see you mounted ere you dye,
I am sorry for't my Lord, but cannot cry.
Sure your well-wishers hymmes of praise will sing,
To see you goe to Heaven in a string:
Or if not so, the common people sweare,
You'l grace the blocke as well as your compere:
Others supose that a clothworkers son
Shall never have such honour to him done.
Thus all men censure, none cares what they say,
Pusse being cag'd, the Mice may freely play:
So in a Countrey pasture have I seene
The little Lambkins skipping on a greene,
Whilst the poore Woolfe lies tangled in the net,
The carefull Shepheard for his ruine set:
This is the talke my Lord, that goes about,
He's no body now a dayes that cannot flout:
Imprison'd Canterbury, when 'tis cleare,
Your back's too narrow all these quips to beare;
Oh had your thoughts and stature but agreed
Together, then all had beene well indeed;
But when such Pigmy Lords as you will cherish
Ambitious great desires, doth lightly perish:
How true this happens to your helplesse woe,
And sad destruction, sure I am you know:
For now y're falling 'tis the generall cry,
Downe with him Tyrant, fie upon him fie.

Blest were the man could light on such good hap,
To beat out's eyes with's Babylonian cap.
Thus are our wits imployed early and late,
With some quient jeere to breake your Graces pate.
We scorne sayes one his vices to applaud,
We know the Devill must have little *Laud*;
O sayes a second hee's a gallant prize,
And by his fall young *Gregory* will rise.
Who sweares when Surplice and Lawn-sleeves has got
Heele send Romes strumpet a veneriall smocke.
As for the Song which goes *Blew cap for me*,
Heele have it chang'd to *Blacke cap, thats his fee.*
Lastly, (to passe all others) some suppose,
You have a tricke of art to fetch backe those,
Shew'd us their Heeles, where ever they remaine,
Or else be hangd when they come backe againe:
I know you have a great desire to doe it;
Could you perswade the Parliament unto it;
But were you sent on such an errant now,
When should we see you returne never we know:
Oh, tis whipping time my Lord must thinke,
When such as you for feare begin to stinke:
Some run for it their Activity to show,
Their heads may thanke their legs, if they scape so.
Others that cannot goe, Bloud sucking Leeches,
Make buttons backwards, and defile their breeches.
So may you see some dogs when death drawes neere,
Being lifted from the earth perfume the ayre:
Me thinkes your Honour, yea your Honours head
Hangs in the aire by a small twisted thread:
Which to heavens praise, hels joy & Londons wonder
The sword of justice arives to cut asunder.
Alas what remedy, if downe you must,
Tis but a little grace transformed to dust;
Where dirt and ashes having stopt your breath,
You finde this truth, wages of sinne is death;
Did you expect my Lord a yeare agoe,
To see your glorious light extinguish'd so;
Did you once dreame of this disaster sad,
Sure no, y'ad liv'd much better if you had.

So

So have I seene the treacherous Fox ore shot,
Pursuing his prey with rage and malice hot;
Till in the height of's pride at unaware
Thinking to catch the spoile he falls i'th snare.
I know my Lord you now consume your daies
In bitternesse, be spoken to your praise:
And that's good reason't should be so, for why?
Y'ave worne whole yeares away in vanity:
And yet we doubt y'are onely discontented,
To see your hellish aimes so well prevented.
But is the head sicke and the members free,
Do not our other Bishops grieve to see
Their prop so sorely shaken; surely they do;
For you once downe they needs must tumble to;
They know a house that built upon the sand,
In time of windy stormes can never stand.
Now if great Beelzebub himselfe be scar'd?
Needs must th inferiour divells be afraid.
Some other things I meane to write, which I
Will now omit t'avoid Prolixity:
I feare already I've too tedious been,
And that you ever judgd a haynous sin.
Therefore to close up all; let me I pray,
Informe you what the bonny Scotchmen say:
They hope in quiet to go home unbangd,
And wish the causer of their comming hangd:
And so they vow to see him ere they go,
Then farewell England *Iockey* is no foe.
Therefore my Lord take a friends advice
And learne to swing a daies if you be wise:
For I'm perswaded tis your Honours lot,
To have your old bones stretcht, why should you not?
Old men must die you know, and yong men may:
When your turne comes, then we'l make holy-day;
And like old *Israel* skip and sing amain,
To see *Goliah* on the meuntaines slaine.
My muse growes weary Sir, and now i'le rest
Mine owne, not yours, I see the Suns ith'west.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautem.
But some will nere learn wit till its dearly taught them.

An

*W*hat newes is this I heare
*I*n all mens mouths so sweet,
L aud's taken in the snare
*L*aid for anothers feet?
*I*ndeed I alwaies thought
*A*mbitious pride would fall
*M*ens waies being lewd and nought

*L*ead them toth pit of thrall.
A great mans hope is vaine
*V*nlesse his life be just,
*D*eath ends his daies in shame,

*A*nd then wher's humane trust:
*R*iches will not availe
*C*old words be then produc'd
*H*onour and wit will faile
*B*ecause th'ave bin abus'd,
*I*n pompe and dignity
*S*ometime tho he remaine
*H*is greatnesse soon will be
*O*bscurd with foule disdaine.
*P*roud *Nimrod* thus and's troope,

*O*f late have lost their power,
*F*or Babell gins to stoop.

*C*onfusion shakes their tower
A northerne blast hath blown
*N*ere thirty flat caps down
*T*hat were so stately grown,
*E*ach one ore topt the crown
*R*ome wailes their sudden fall,
*B*ut'tis in vain to rore
*V*surping Prelates shall
*R*ule us in pride no more:
Iure devino made an Asse you see,
England rejoyce, 'tis happy newes for thee.

FINIS.

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